

**THE GUMPS—Old Sour Grapes**

Author of the "Tarzan" Stories and the "Martian" Stories

But as they had approached it the previous day, and he was the same warrior who had entered the temple a short hour before, but the faces of his fellows were unfamiliar, even to one whom he had known in the past. It was, however, since it is seldom that a priest returns to his home in the presence even of his associates.

Silently they lifted the hangings that hid the interior of the room from the view of those who passed through the doorway, and withly entered. Upon piles of fur, at a far corner lay the sleeping form of Lady Greystone. The bare feet of the intruders gave forth no sound as they crossed the floor, and the light of a single torch, which had been brought in by the first of the party, light entering through window near her couch alone full upon her, revealing the beautiful contours of an arm and shoulder in cameo-distinctness against the dark background of the hangings.

But neither the beauty nor the helplessness of the woman, nor the elements of passion or pity as they lie in the breasts of normal men. To the three priests she was but a lump of clay, nor could they conceive aught of the things that were in her mind to intrigue and to murder for possession of this beautiful American girl, and which even now was influencing the destiny of another "Pal-o-don."

"Up to the door," the chapter of the trio came close to the sleeping woman she stooped and gathered up one of the rug's corners and she slipped close to her head he held the rug outspread above her face. "Now," he whispered, and simultaneously he threw the rug over the woman's head and his two friends followed him.

And pinning her body while the leader stifled her cries with the furred pelt. Quickly and silently they bounded to their feet and gazed her, and she, in turn, gazed at them. She had enquired there was no sound that might have been heard by occupants of the adjoining apartments.

And so they waited for her feet, they forced her toward a window, but she refused to walk, throwing herself instead upon the floor. They were very angry and would have resorted to cruel means to force her to rise, but they did not, since the wrath of Lu-nan might fall heavily upon whoever mutilated his fair prize.

And so they were forced to lift and carry her bodily. Noward the task any one of them would have been loath to incur, since the captive kicked and struggled as best she might, making their labors as arduous as possible.

her through the window and into the garden beyond, where one of the two priests from the Ja-lu temple directed their steps toward a small barred gate. Stone steps would lead to the gate.

Immediately beyond this a flight of stone stairs led downward toward the river, and at the foot of the stairs were moored several canoes. Pan-sat hurried to the foot of the stairs, and from those who knew the temple and the palace so well, or otherwise he might never have escaped from Ja-lu, he took his captive. Placing the captive in the first canoe, Pan-sat entered it and took up the paddle. His companions unfastened the moorings and shoved the little craft out into the current of the river.

When the current completed its turn and retraced their steps toward the temple, while Pan-sat, paddling strongly with

The current, moving rapidly down the river, carried him to the Jadda, where he landed and A-lur.

The moon had set and the easterner's horizon still gave no hint of approaching day as a long file of warriors, wearing the same armor as the warriors of A-lur, filed down the river. Their plans were already laid and there seemed no likelihood of their mis-arriving.

A messenger had been dispatched to Tarzan, to advise him by word of mouth of the city. Tarzan, with a small contingent, was to enter the temple through the secret passageway, the lower end of which he had discovered in the garden. He was to lead the warriors, with the greater proportion of the warriors, was to attack the palace gates.

The ape-man, leading his little band of men stealthily through the winding alleys of A-lur, arrived undetected at the building which held the entrance to the palace.

the secret passageway. In this spot, the priest, who had been waiting for the arrival of the fugitives, was taken by surprise. The fact that the priest's escape was unknown to others than the priests, was unguarded. To facilitate the passage of his little company through the narrow passageway, the human lifted a torch which had been brought for the purpose and preceded his warriors led the expedition toward the temple.

He could accomplish much once he reached the inner chambers of the temple with his little band of picked warriors the ape-man was confident since an attack at the palace would bring forth a concentration to the easily overpowered priests, and permit Tarzan to attack the palace forces in the rear at the same time that he would be attacking the front while Ta-den and his forces swarmed the northern walls. Great value had been placed by Ju-don on the moral ef-

There is a Pal-ul-donian proverb setting forth a truth similar to that contained in the old Scotch saying that "the right hand shall be against the left." It might read, "He who follows the right trail sometimes reaches the wrong destination," and such apparently was the case with the great chiefdom of the north and his godlike ally.

Tarzan, more familiar with the wind

and having the advantage of the full light of the torch, which at best was but a dim and flickering affair, was some distance ahead of the others, and they could not follow him closely. His enemy he gave too little thought to than those who were to support him. Nor is this strange, since from childhood he had been used to fight the battles of life single-handed, so that it had become habitual for him to depend solely upon his own cunning and prowess.

It was now that he came into the upper corridor from which opened the chambers of Lu-don and the lesser priests far in advance of his warriors. He saw the dim cressets flickering somberly, he saw another enter it from a corridor before him—a warrior half carrying a shield and a spear, the other hand flung out in a gesture of the command, "Halt! Halt! Halt!"

The warrior with the woman had seen the Tzarzan at the same instant that the latter had discovered him. He heard the low hostile growl that broke from the queen's lips as he sprang for- ward to wrest his mate from her cap- tive and wreak upon him the vengeance that was in the Tarmangani's savage heart. Across the corridor from Pan- met was the entrance to a smaller cham- ber. Into this he leaped carrying the woman with him.

**CONTINUED TOMORROW**

I DON'T KNOW WHY THEY PUT A HEA  
THAT ANYWAY- JUST AS WELL PUT  
DROP THE FOOD IN- JUST STOMA  
IS ALL HE NEEDS- CANT ASSIM  
FOOD- THERE'S NO PLACE TO BEN  
AND SHE LAUGHED HERSELF S

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*By Hayward*

### *The Woman Who Never Lost An Argument In Her Life*

*By Fontaine Fox*

## SCHOOL DAYS

By DWIC

“JUDGING THIS CHILD  
BY HIS SIZE YOU CLAIM  
HE'S OVER EIGHT —  
JUDGING YOURSELF THE  
SAME WAY YOU'D HAFTA  
BE OVER 200  
YEARS OLD!

F. FOX

GOSH, BART! YOU'D OOSHIA SEE HIS BEAR SAW! PAUL! DRAW HIM! SEE! I NEVER KNEWED YOU COULD DRAW A BEAR. PAUL - CAN YOU DRAW A TIGER?

HUI! SAW HIM I LEARNED HIM. HUI..

**THE FUNGUS ARTISTS**

### **PETEY—The Great Heat Wave**

*By C. A. Voigh*

- ROTTEN! - I'M HOTTER THAN EVER!!  
- I IMAGINED POLAR BEARS WERE CHASING ME -!!

**CLANCY KIDS**—When He Grows Up He'll Roll 'Em With One Hand

*By Percy L. Cross*

By Percy L. Crosby

SALRIGHT, MOM!  
I'LL BE CAREFUL  
NOT TO BREAK  
NOT TO BREAK  
ANYTHING.

P. L. Crosby

CONTINUED TOMORROW